STUDIES Troop, 110+ 1105 SOUL BE 1960. minutes more the man know that the and it filled his heart with a name the "pen"-to-wit the bartender

blame for his fiberty. 'Good bebayior -that was the thing that had turned him loose from a comfortable. some, three square meals a day, and his companion of the quarry.

If he had only transgressed a few laws, broken a simple rule or two, all thight have been well. He might have eaten Christmas dinner with ferry the Spita, Bettles, Hash and the whele space ever who had contrived be spend another Christman in the gen through riving industrions committed in a huma of the Leepers. These reflections were interrupted

a the sharp treth of the wind corphine at his last enrough the thin

De shivered as the beat ducked, and then took is four familie as he wanted in the invited into and out into-was has freedom sections terror to insent Why was in trembling. He was free at heat, but tree to do what? tree to kill himself before he started in death, free to wanter the mooning amenable streets and gaze upon the impliness that showed itself in the lices of fugility passers by lie was only free to go anywhere;

but these people had their homes to go to, each his asparate "pennen where there were warmth and word and human things to talk to He shall his eyes for an matant and

arred bravely up one halfs of over that ed to First account. They combined a strange three barries of the terms is minery and the environment morney schoese. At live to couldn't reall what the influence was, then he we ognized the sections and therefore my smell of hope that poured over sim like a hot breath from the hrewry on the next senset. This prompted thought which was immediately folwed by a sharp movement.

Mulcahy mended him of the failed ave-dellar biff he had in his possed he last bounty of the good home ross the river. He pulled it out and oked at it.

It represented two weeks and a half while he was looking for a job it food and shelter for him if he couldn't find a job-but that hought ended with a look toward the iver; and again he saw the "pen," and another thought occurred to him. if he didn't find anything to do, he

BROWN AND THE THE TWO WAS THE WORKERS metropole, beliefled with antegorism, of his the than any to has mell for hat in the hope that his clothe-cold and strucks and busy with its the last year, a spirit that seemed all would contribute their help toward totel and planeaus with a spirit more holiday season, would be upon him, most fabulesis when dreamed of in

Hut, after all by had only bitmself half an hour later, the inner man But look where Mulrahy emerges Infled by the succitent cubbase and bert, but a melanelioly gunwing at the outer man whose clothes are slight protection against the increasing

As the day drew her portals slowly together be tril to trembling again How was be going to face the night?



Gazed Longingly at the Graystone Pen.

All slone is one of those tencent beds which promise so much to a weary body that soon discovers the

expanel) substance of the promise? He shuddered and hurried down a life; that is be calculated that side street of American-basement houses, with their dainty Boston ferns and yews, pretty windows with coatly curtains that sealed happy from the profane eyes of the public And this atmosphere gave Mulcaby hope. The inspiration born of des

pair took root. He intended to abandon all thoughts

GOOD LETTERS FROM FRIENDS OF THE TIMES

No. 15 to the William of their Ballery oreething adways

another many more react, which for away Troin dear still Hamburrous Reprising to part with the pile. I.

ata turn tumb private triffe how managements Tropodisting

No. Steven St. Louis, Mr.

that specifies. It was very late, to would contribute their bely toward arranging the suspicious of the story detectives, he quickened his steps

inside the shop was warm, brillion. and jumined with people. The incomposhed Mulcahy as if he were a rule

s beel and the lines pro-

the crowd.

he pen.

tention of a detective.

hand toward a delicate

around her neck.

himself heard.

blurred her eyes.

his side a very pretty little girl.

"Have you seen my mama?" Her

voice was smothered by the crowd

that pressed around her, and Mulcahy

had to lift her up in his arms to make

"No," he replied, his face close to

her pretty neck and ear. "Shall we go and look for her?" he added,

touched by the sudden moisture that

As he spoke he carried her to the

revolving-door. Once out in the street,

she told him that she had been shop-

ping with her mother and had got lost. She lived, she said on Fiftieth

street, between Madison and Fifth

"Have You Seen My Mamma?"

ber-masher between the hub of a

Presently he found himself at the

motion counter, swept there by the

Non be was backed into a little

case of tootle-brishes. He felt his fin-

gers close on something, mechanical-

ly he placed the thing in his pocket.

ed then let himself drift along with

-Violet Van Twiller. The telephone book did the rest in the matter of locating the Van Twiller whither Violet was excerted by her ranged friend. Afterward, when Mulcahy left her standing at the door of her home waving at him and smiling in her

sweet, frank way, he wendered how he had found it in his heart to steal the necklace, but there it was in his hand, still warm from contact with Then he darted away from the

the the rough manner one but he

Over a congenial glass of hes cream

edu the little girl gave him her name

Street, and clasping the locker rightly, How to the first police station and gave himself up.

The judge did not conceal him disgust when he learned that Mulcally had robben a child and when he arrested storids. Bix months on the claud for him, he marketed at the brotality of a man who could smile at

Meantime, Violet Van Twiller and been received with the tears and rejoicings of a hysterical and leving tunily and diligently interrogated concerning the events of the evening

Over and over again she repeated the stary of the "kind ragged gentle-man" who had bought her candy and soda and had found her home for her.

Later, Mr. Van Twiller discovered that Violet had mysteriously lost her locher, but, though he suspected her strange friend, he was so grateful to the 'ragged gentleman' that the next day he advertised in all the papers that he wished to reward the person who had restored his daughter to her Itu: Maleahy never learned of this

golden apportunity which might have given him a new start in life, though he gave the officer who accompanied him to the island the name and address of the little owner of the necklace, and it was sent to her.

The next day saw Mulcaby safely aboard the Fidelity and headed for the

lde of customer. He wondered at At the end of the week he was sitthe confidence of the storekeepers, ting at the Christman dinner which had seemed a fantem on that dreadwares set forth in little compartments. ful day he was set at Hberty.

Between mouthfuls of fat turkey and cranberry sauce he boasted to Jerry the Spike, Hank, and Bottles of how he had hoodwinked justice.

When he reported for work, a few days later, the keeper who presided



Boasted to Jerry, the Spike.

over the men engaged in breaking stone remarked casually to a fellow keeper:

"I see Mulcahy is back on the job." "Yes," the other replied: "he was liberated a week ago, and now he's back again. I tell you this place is a cinch for those fellows. They're doing life on the installment plant. If you dumped the whole caboodle into the East river and told them to swim to New York, they'd all turn like a lot of rats and squeak to come back to the 'pen."

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â.	Friday of each week 1/2 pound Mermack Cho	co.
*	lates 15c	

BARHAM IN PIPKIN BUILDING.

CHESTNUT RIDGE And Rural Route No. 3.

Mr. Garrett Counts spent last Saturday and Sunday at Flat River. Bro. Patterson of Farmington preached at Chestnut Ridge last Sunday night.

Mr. Jacob Larby and wife spent last Sabbath with his daughter, Mrs. Luther Feezor.

Mr. Ressic Hawn and family spent last Sunday in Farmington the guest of Robert Clay.

Will Lee and wife of Avon spent last Saturday night and Sunday with E. L. Rodgers and family.

Mr. Williard Wigger and wife are moving on the Vance farm which they have purchased some time past.

Mr. Pearl Vance is moving his family from the Vance farm to John Gordons farm on the St. Mary road 1/2 mile south of Pleasant Hill Church.

Mr. E. L. Rodgers lost a fine horse last Saturday evening by one of the other horses kicking it and bracking its thigh so badly that they had to kill it.

Next Saturday, the 17th, at 2 o'clock p. m. there will be conference meeting at Chestnut Ridge Church. All members are requested to be present.

B. H. MARBURY ATTORNEY AT LAW

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